

FISHERY,
A
POEM:

OR, A
LETTER to C. L. Esq;



T. Barten delin.

L O N D O N :

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FISHERY

POPE

1871

1872

1873

1874

1875

1876

1877

1878

1879

1880

A Letter to C. L. Esq;

*From a Friend to whom he lent a Book of the Lives and Actions
of several French Heroes, with their Pictures, delicately
taken from those in the Palace of Cardinal Richlieu at Paris.*

THE Volume, Sir, so kindly lent by you,
Transports my Mind with Joy and Wonder too.
Well, has the Learn'd *Historian* play'd his Part,
But more the *Graver*, strikes us with his Art!
Yet sure, of all his Beauteous *Draughts*, there's none,
So exquisite, as that for *RICHLIEU* done;
A Lofty Mein! in a Majestick Robe,
With Wisdom in his Look, to Rule the Globe.
And since you thus have Charm'd, my Leisure Hours,
Accept the following Rhimes, to soften yours.

When Huge *GOLIAH*, with an Impious Boast,
Aloud Defy'd the little *Jewish* Host;
Despair and Terror through their Army ran,
Scar'd with the Bulk of such a Monstrous Man!
So *RICHLIEU*'s Vast, Gigantick Wit we find,
As much out-stalks the rest of Human Kind;
His Genius rais'd the drooping *Gauls* to Fame,
And made their Foes stand Trembling at his Name.

*Down! Down! with HERESY, his Eminence cry's,
For from its Fall, must FRANCE Triumphant rise;
But first by Land, we must the BELGIAN shake,
And next the Naval Power of BRITAIN break.*

This was his Scheme, pursu'd with Craft and Guile,
A Politick Siege! that still blockades our Isle.
'Till this is rais'd, our Cares, our Toils are vain,
We wear, (tho' yet unseen) the *Gallick* Chain.
But as that Wretch of *GATH*, tho' Arm'd with Steel,
Was overthrown by little *DAVID*'s Skill.
We hope we may some *ENGLISH DAVID* get,
To match this *French Goliath*'s boist'rous Wit.
Or, if the Blessing *ENGLAND* should refuse?
Perhaps *HIBERNIA* may the *MAN* produce?
If so, the *Muses* all their Harps shall string,
And in Immortal Verse, *HIBERNIA*'s Fame shall ring!

B

Secure,

Secure, and Potent must our Island be,
 While We, (and We alone) are Lords at Sea;
 Firm as a Mountain, stable as a Rock,
 Begirt with *Fleets*, we fear no Foreign Shock.
 But, if we're overmatch'd in *Naval* Force,
 Prisoners of War, we soon must yield of Course.
Fleets are the floating Bulwarks of the Land!
 But *Fleets* must not be only Built but Mann'd!
 And Mann'd from whence? Why, from the *FISHING ART*;
 But who this Noble Systeme shall impart?

The Ancients fancy'd half the *Globe* conceal'd,
 But where, or how it lay, was not reveal'd;
 At length *Columbus* drew the *Western* Scene,
 Disclosing all those Wond'rous Views within.
 From his Success, our Emulation came,
 We ventur'd out, and we atchiev'd the same:
 And now at every Clime, and Port we call,
 And compass, as we please, the Watry Ball.
 Vain Art! 'Tis true, the Surface well we know,
 But still alas, we're blind to what's below!
 There Treasures swarm, as boundless as our Wish,
 Millions of Gold, in Shoals of glittering *FISH*!
 Arise *Columbus* now! — and let us reap,
 From you Directions to explore the Deep.
 That Science once effectually Enjoy'd,
 The Siege is rais'd, and *RICHLIEU*'s Plot destroy'd.

Oh! Could we now break up this Magazine!
 There's full Employ for Fifty Thousand Men.
 No *Beggars* then, would haunt from Door to Door,
 Nor Taxes swell so High for *Parish-Poor*.
 No *Pads* would then by Day, the Roads infest,
 Nor *Burglars* in the Night, distract our rest.
 No dreadful Doom our Sessions would pronounce,
 Of Twenty Malefactors, Hang'd at once.
 For all our *Hunger-Bit*, that starve for Bread,
 Or Thief for Want, might here be Cloath'd and Fed;
 While round the World their Labours shall be born,
 And *Gems*, and *Ingots* bring us in Return:
 From hence! should Foreign *Foes* insult the Land,
 A Thousand *Sail*, might instantly be Mann'd.

Let

Let *SPAIN* then to *PERU* unenvy'd go,
While safe at Home, this Richer *MINE* we know:
Sole Monarch of the World, shall *ENGLAND* then become,
Greater than *PERSIA*, *GREECE*, or Ancient *ROME*.

But whither am I stragled out of course?
'Tis hard to strive against a *Magnets* force,
Smit, for her *Country's* Safety, Worth, and Fame,
And dazl'd with the Glory of the Theam;
The giddy *Muse*, Trapan'd she knows not where,
Sings what *we should be*, not what *now we are*.
The *Present Face of Things*, with ghastly view,
Would damp your Joys,—— should *she* delineate true,

Our *Senate* Yearly meet in Pomp and State,
And *Ways*, and *Means*, for *ENGLAND's* Good Debate;
Voluminous *Statutes* too, I grant are made,
Our *Poor* to lessen, and promote our *Trade*;
And *ANNA's* Mandates from the Throne we hear,
On these two Points to bend their utmost Care.
Wast Paper all! What Issue can we boast?
Our *Poor* are doubled; and our *Fisbery's* lost.
Some Artful Hand there wants the *Mark* to shoot,
And drive the *Ax* directly at the *Root*.
To purge away those *Fogs* that damp our Sight,
And show the *How!* and *Where!* in open Light;
'Till he arrives our *Work* has little Hope,
Prate on we may,—— but in the *Dark* we Grope;

Then must we leave the *Land* in this Distress?
And is our Case forlorn? and past Redress?
Forbid it Fate! Next *Sessions* surely will,
Bring *Oil*, and *Balm*, and Heal our throbbing Ill.
And O ye *Wealthy* Ones! ye *Wise!* and *Great!*
Who stile your selves the *Guardians* of the State.
When next ye Consult hold, in *BRITAIN's* Cause,
To *Physick* her Disease, by more new Laws;
Let this one *Pishy Line*, be Learn'd by All,
BEWARE YOUR ANCIENT FOE, THE HAUGHTY GAUL!
Who hourly Conn's that Crafty Lesson o'er,
Prick'd down, and left by *RICHELIEU* long before.
I see! I trembling see! his Deep Design,
To Hem Us in, and Gird Us with a Line:
And while he finds Us lull'd Secure in Peace,
His brooding Soul, in Secret, *Rules the Seas*.

Ah

Ah whither is *BRITANIA*'s Honour fled?
 Or where her boasted Fame? Asleep? or Dead?
 Chain'd on the *Rock of Ignorance* she lies,
Andromeda-like, and Melts Us with her Cries;
 Two *Monsters* stand the *Virgin* to Devour,
 Abroad the *G A U L*, at Home our Clamorous *P O O R*.
 Kind *Heaven* dispatch some *Persius*, swift away,
 To quell the *Monsters*, and release the *Prey*.

We once had Power, ('twas in a *Female Reign*,
 And may we see those Glorious Days again!)
 When bold Attempts, or Enterprizes new,
 Alarm'd our *Isle*, the Ports of *France* to view;
 Take Tale of all their Ships,—— and when we list,
 Command all further Building to desist;
 Prescribe what Lines their Voyages should bound,
 Nor durst they on their Lives be seen beyond;
 We then were not by *France* alone rever'd,
 But all the World our *Naval* Prowess fear'd.
 But now from *East* to *West*, from *Pole* to *Pole*,
 The *Gallick Shipping*, *Trade* without Controul:
 While we, supinely shrink from Day to Day,
 To narrower Bounds, and lose our *Ancient Sway*.
 The *Dutch* our *Herrings*,—— Our *Cod*, the *French* purloin,
 Supply our *Marts*,—— and we look Idly on.

Thus I this Rough unfinish'd Sketch have sent,
 To you, Dear Sir, who long your Thoughts have bent,
 On this *Great ART*.—— And tho' mistaken Men,
 May Laugh,—— and call you *Frantick*,—— *Wild*,—— and *Vain*;
 Too late they may this fatal Error Learn,
 The *FISHERY* should have been our *GRAND CONCERN*.
 If so, your Notions claim such High Regard,
 A *Golden Statue* should their Truth Reward.

Yours, A. M.

London, Feb.
 10, 1713.

